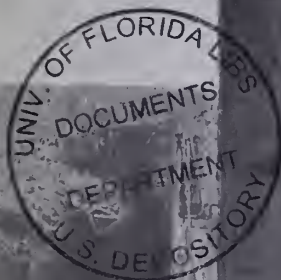


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united states army security agency



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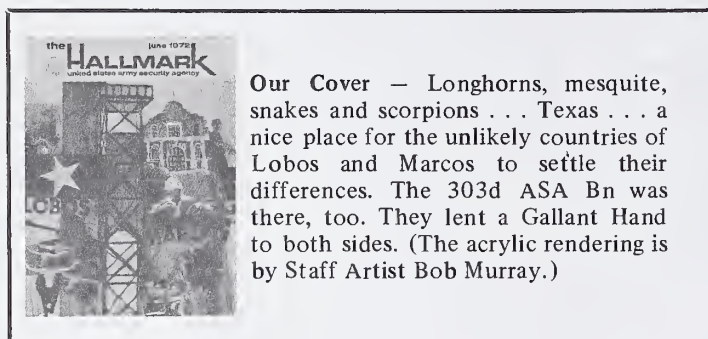
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*Published monthly in support of U.S.
Army information objectives*

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Our Cover — Longhorns, mesquite, snakes and scorpions . . . Texas . . . a nice place for the unlikely countries of Lobos and Marcos to settle their differences. The 303d ASA Bn was there, too. They lent a Gallant Hand to both sides. (The acrylic rendering is by Staff Artist Bob Murray.)

The Walls Have Ears

Most "Older Folks" remember old World War II security slogans such as: "Loose Lips Sink Ships" and "Quiet, The Enemy May Be Listening." They also remember vividly the disastrous results of "loose talk" in our nation's previous armed conflicts. Many of us today, young and old, know that communications security is even more important now than it was during the second great war. But in practice too many of us treat the security subject lightly—too lightly.

Because our electronic gear and methods are much more sophisticated today than they were 25 years ago, our nation is today far more vulnerable to exploitation of security weaknesses than ever before.

We all sometimes forget that enemies are always waiting for us to tell them what they need to know. How do we tell them? It's really very simple.

We talk in bars downtown; we include tidbits of sensitive and classified information in letters home; we talk about anything and everything over the phone; we try to impress friends with our knowledge of "inside information."

Our well-organized enemies put each little piece of information in place until the big picture becomes clear. They know about the "big event"—in advance—courtesy of us.

We all know the preventive measures. Communications security should not be new to us. We all know that the protection of classified/sensitive information is the responsibility of each of us. We all know that our carelessness costs: resources, money—and lives. It is not impossible that carelessness could one day cost us our country.

The answer? Think. Think before you speak or write. Pay attention to where you are and what you say. Become conscious of communications security. If you don't, you could become part of a failed mission—or a fallen nation.

—Maj. John D. Sealy Jr. (USAF)

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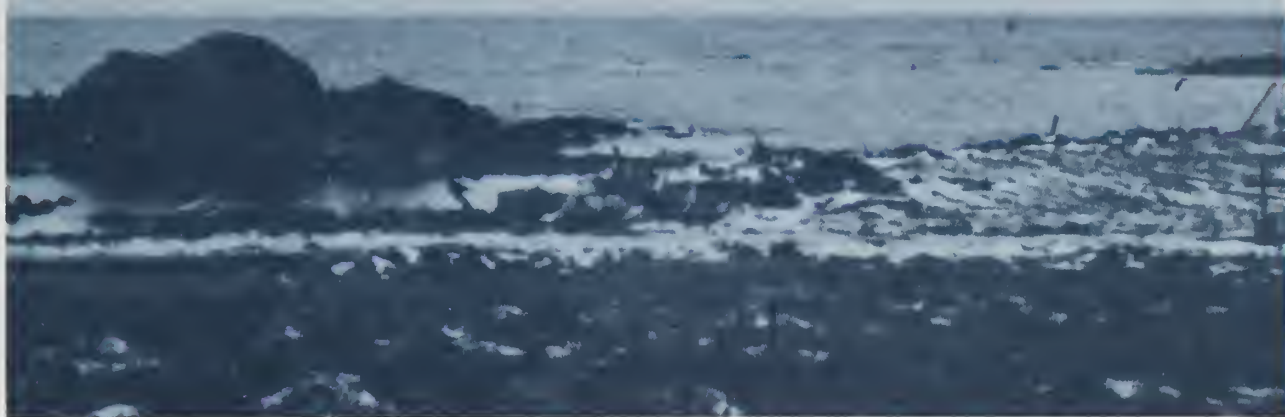
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On A Clear Day You Can See Tomorrow



BY KRH

From the minute you step off the "Freedom Bird", you know it's different. It's got to be: it's Shemya—and in all the world there's no other place quite like it. There are a rare few who love it, many more who loathe it.

It's a place where you can go and get entirely away from women—then spend the next 12 months talking about them—and incidentally, wishing you were back among them with all their frailties, shortcomings, and general cussedness.

Shemya is the next to last island in the Aleutian chain. It could be beautiful, even a bit awesome—if it weren't Shemya, and you didn't know you had to put in 12 months right here away from the "real" world.

It's about two by four miles if you measure right. So you can't have a car. Where would you go if you had one? Sometimes you get a bit of a cooped-up feeling. You wonder what the men would think if you suddenly ripped out with a scream that would sound like a lost soul facing a Comanche on the warpath.

There's a popular saying here, "On

a clear day you can see tomorrow." This has nothing to do with the Barbara Streisand flick, because in Shemya it is literally true; on a clear day you can easily see Attu, of international dateline fame.

Occasional Breeze

Did you ever snuggle down between the sheets and under a pile of blankets, only to be awakened by the wind howling against the windows (not too well sealed) until they acted and sounded like giant air horns? If you have, chances are you were in Shemya and the playful little breeze that was causing all the commotion was at that moment being clocked at anywhere from 30 mph to 70 mph. Not too unusual on beautiful Shemya.

Have you ever watched a man walking into a wind like that, trying to lean into it, while still trying to walk a straight line? Did you suddenly notice he was really waddling like that duck you got for Easter many years ago? If you did, then you've got to be in Shemya.

Did you ever see a man trying to stand still and get blown up a hill like a human sail with no effort on

his part? Sure you have, because you've been to Shemya.

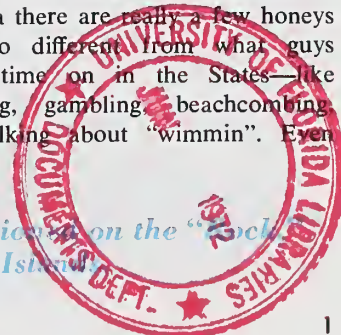
Have you ever seen a fellow leave a building and noticed that his hat abruptly took off like a shot, and before his parka hood was up, his whole face was covered with particles of fine white ice? Naturally, if you've been to Shemya.

No Women

So what's this place really like? Well, people usually make the place, and Shemya is inhabited by around 1500 men, no women, and the average age is 21. It is 1400 miles from Anchorage, 1700 from Tokyo, 2400 from Seattle and 280 from the USSR—close enough to almost reach out and shake hands with the Stroganoff and vodka boys across the Bering Sea. (Close enough, that is, if anybody had the desire—but nobody seems to be smoking from the hot flames of desire.)

Now, for popular pastimes in Shemya there are really a few honeys not too different from what guys waste time on in the States—like drinking, gambling, beachcombing, and talking about "wimmin". Even

For ASA personnel who have never been fortunate enough to be stationed on the "Rock" the remote station of Shemya is located in the Aleutian Islands.



a little studying goes on now and then.

Outside of "women—just any women," discussions usually center on sports, the number of days left on the "Rock" and miscellaneous griping, the latter usually influenced by the size of the headache the griper is nursing that day.

Big events to look forward to are the arrival and departure of the "Freedom Bird" which, weather permitting, brings in new inmates and takes the short-timers home on Tuesday and Saturday. But the biggest event of all is the arrival of Reeve Aleutian Airlines with the mail a couple of times a week. It's a bleak day when, after the wind subsides and the big bird sets down, there isn't at least one letter in each mail box.

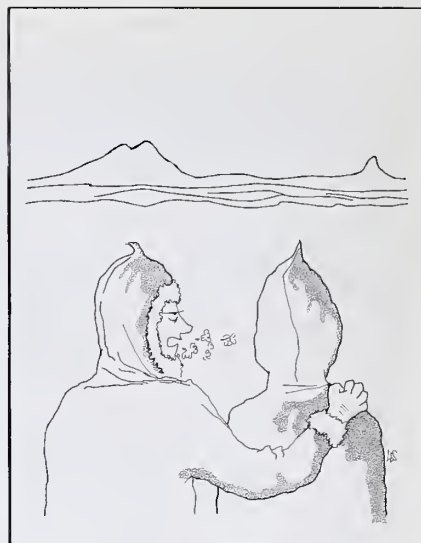
On the plus side there are top-notch facilities: an EM/NCO Club, Service Club, woodworking and electronics shops, candle making, leather and ceramics shops, gym, bowling alley, and even a ham radio shack. All these

are well furnished and in excellent condition.

And perhaps one of the best plus conditions is this: the brass is understanding, (they realize Shemya can be rough and a guy gets lonely) so there is little harassment.

But because American men were "born free" and can't tolerate any type of confinement, regardless of how pleasant the surroundings may be, most of the 1500 men on Shemya count the days until they are eligible for a 24 day leave (after four to eight months) or even better, until they're boarding the "Freedom Bird" on their way home.

Yet, many will come to realize that life on Shemya basically is going to be very much like life any place else—it's going to be exactly what each man decides to make it.



"I know they told you this was virgin land, Newbie, but it ain't what you think."

The author apparently wishes to remain anonymous.
Only his initials (K.R.H.) were provided.

No Gold Watch for Bucky Beaver



Eight of the 156th Aviation Company's sixteen RU-6A aircraft with pilot, co-pilot, operator and crew chief. CPT Eddie E. Moore, Commanding Officer, is in front with the guidon.

Prior to turn in at Vung Tau all planes had to be completely stripped and steam cleaned.



On the last day of March, "Bucky Beaver" landed gently at the Can Tho Airfield, deep in Vietnam's Mekong Delta. The touch down marked the end of 60,000 flight hours and over 16,000 combat support missions flown by the aircraft and crews of the 156th Aviation Company (Radio Research).

Flying in support of the 509th RR Group, the 156th was once an invaluable asset to the IV Corps Commander. But, with the cutback of US forces in Vietnam, the sixteen RU-6A Vanguard aircraft of the 156th Avn Co. were stripped, steam cleaned and turned in at Vung Tau. The crews have since been reassigned within the 224th Aviation Bn. (RR) and the 156th's colors moved to Ft. Bliss, Tex.

In nearly six years of service, the little single engine planes had flown over seven million miles across the Delta. You might say they've earned a well deserved rest.



No birthday suits—A recent Spotlight article announced that certain airlines had suspended their regulations requiring traveling servicemen to wear uniforms. Well, the good news has spread. All airlines in the United States now allow servicemen

to travel in civilian clothes. They need only a valid active duty military ID card (in lieu of DD Form 1580) to obtain their military flight discount and fly away.

So, if you didn't make it with the stewardess on your last flight because your military uniform cramped your style . . . just don your levis, tee shirt, love beads and sandals and she will never know the difference. (Don't forget your wig!)

National Girdle Snapping Week? There may only be 52 weeks in the year, but if one could total all the causes, charities, groups, organizations and interests which are celebrated or commemorated by an entire week . . . well, who really knows? But there must be more than 52!

In March, the country celebrated *National Week of Concern for Prisoners of War or Missing in Action*. And in April, *Earth Week* helped the nation focus its attention on the war against pollution and the ecology problem.

Just because their "week" is over is certainly no excuse to forget these two very important issues. Let's make the rest of 1972 *POW Year*, to be shared with *Earth Year*. Of course we may have to sacrifice National Gumbo Week, National Catfish Fillet Week and National Giblet Gravy Week.



Nothing is for free—Some of the smartest thieves are shoplifters. Crafty use of boxes, shopping bags and clothing aid the shoplifter in his shopping spree. Seldom does he "look the type."

Civilian stores are the hardest hit victims of these pilferers, but Army and Air Force Exchange Service experiences a substantial loss, too.

Security specialists at AAFES try to reduce some of these losses, but their goal is to keep everyone honest.

In the past year, 6,300 shoplifters of all ages were detected. Their stolen merchandise totaled \$43,000. \$117,000 in goods was acquired by dishonest employees.

Individuals who have an interest in acquiring "free" goods, should consider the risk: PX privileges could be lost and a trial in a Federal Court could result. It doesn't seem worth the chance you take.

Early bird's wings clipped—The Department of the Army terminated (effective May 1, 1972) the voluntary early release program for personnel returning from Vietnam with more than 179 days remaining in service but less

than 12 months until ETS. The 179 day early release at port for overseas returnees remains in effect.

This announcement is another in a series of modifications of the Army's phasedown policy. It corresponds to the recent termination of the Voluntary release program to join the National Guard and Army Reserve Units.



Veterans like to fly high—Too many planes have landed at unscheduled destinations in recent years, usually against the will of the pilot and crew.

In the combat against skyjackings, Sky Marshals play a major role in passenger protection. Many of these 1,300 security officers are Vietnam veterans.

During their first year on the job, more than 36,000 potentially lethal weapons were seized.

Sky marshals made 39 arrests during this same period, including 20 aboard the aircraft, seven in response to announced skyjackings and 13 involving serious threat to the safety of the flight.

Advice from CHAMPUS—A new division of CHAMPUS has been formed. The Health Resources Information Division of the CHAMPUS Professional Services Directorate, maintains a computerized listing of many types of health facilities located in the U.S., Puerto Rico, Mexico and Canada.

Any serviceman with a physically or mentally handicapped dependent can, in most cases, turn to the CHAMPUS computer for answers about the location, cost and available services.

Requests for information can be sent to:

Health Resources Information Division
CHAMPUS
Denver, Colo. 80240

Please include age, sex, CHAMPUS case number (if applicable), the patient's condition, type of treatment needed and the geographic area that is desired.

• • •

COL. Edward Turrou, Legal Counsel for CHAMPUS advises beneficiaries and sponsors to evaluate their personal affairs at regular intervals. Because the government guarantees payment of up to 75 percent of medical charges to retirees qualified under CHAMPUS, these individuals should take a closer look at premium payments on any other insurance policies which may be duplicating benefits they already receive through CHAMPUS.

Assistance in reviewing your policy can be obtained without charge from qualified counselors on most military installations.

Remember, determination of eligibility for CHAMPUS benefits and the official identification card is the responsibility of the individual uniformed service.



pass in review

A roundup of ASA news from Hallmark correspondents



Top grade grabbers, from left, SSG Edward M. Burton, SP5 Jerry L. Simmons and SP5 Anthony Bir. (U.S. Air Force Photo)

Texas

Goodfellow, AFB—Three soldiers from the Army Security Agency Detachment made top grades and honors at the Fifth Army Non-Commissioned Officers Academy at Ft. Riley, Kan. recently. All three are instructors at the US Air Force Security Service School at Goodfellow AFB.

Specialist 5 Jerry L. Simmons received the commandant's award and was named honor student.

Staff Sergeant Edward M. Burton, a 17 year Army veteran, was named a distinguished graduate.

Specialist 5 Anthony Bir was named one of the top graduates.

Out of a class of 144 students, the Goodfellow soldiers placed within the top nine positions academically.

Okinawa

FS Sobe—Specialist Four Ron J. Radil will remember the day he reported to his new duty station. Sergeant First Class Theodore Pratt, Radil's platoon sergeant, rapidly recruited the reliable looking new res-

ident to represent Headquarters & Service Company in the Soldier of the Month competition.

Though only a recent arrival the robust young specialist respectfully replied that he would accept the challenge and really do his best. Relying on his rational judgement, military repertoire, knowledge of recent events, and his military bearing, SP4 Radil rose above all rivals to the regal rank of FS Soldier of the Month. Remarkably, this occurred only 31 days after his arrival on Okinawa.

Arizona

Ft. Huachuca—The US Army Security Agency Test and Evaluation Center was recently awarded the annual Suggestion Award Plaque for the highest rate of participation and the highest rate of adoption during Fiscal Year 1971 for USASA units with less than 200 personnel. The achievement of an adoption rate of 30 percent and a participation rate of 38 percent reflects the interest of Center personnel in the Command Suggestion Program.

Japan

Misawa Air Base—The USASA Detachment has walked off with another trophy. During a recent blood drive two new records were set. The assigned total of 300 pints was easily surpassed by taking in 514, beating the record 511 pints set during the previous blood drive. The ASA Det won the base Blood Donors Achievement trophy for a record fifth consecutive time.

The blood, collected by the 406th Medical Laboratory, Camp Zama, is sent to bases throughout the Far East and Southeast Asia for use by military units.

Florida

NAVCOMMTRACEN, Pensacola—A cake cutting ceremony, at the Naval Communications Training Center (NCTC), Pensacola, Fla., on April 11, 1972, was the order of the day for the students, staff, alumni, and guests of the Advanced Non-Morse Operations Course as they celebrated the course's 17th anniversary.

The first Advanced Non-Morse Operations Class convened April 11, 1955 at the 1st US Army Security Agency Field Station, Vint Hill Farms, Va., with 10 students enrolled.

The purpose of the course is to provide advanced instruction to senior enlisted personnel of the Army, Navy, and Air Force cryptologic agencies in non-Morse communications systems and methods, electronic modulation theory, equipment operation and application, and techniques of administration.



From right, guest speaker, Navy CPT E. C. Dehn, Commanding Officer, NCTC, Pensacola, assisted by CPT Bruce Jackson, CO, Pensacola Detachment, USASATC&S, and Msgt J. L. Sparkman, NCOIC, USAF 6940th TTG, cut the birthday cake as part of the 17th Anniversary celebration. (U.S. Navy Photo)

ASA SP5 Wins LOM

MG Charles J. Denholm, CG USASA, congratulates SP5 Randy Pitchford for earning the nation's second highest award for meritorious service, the Legion of Merit.



A data processing whiz assigned to DCSMIS, HQ USASA has been awarded the Legion of Merit. Because of his previous civilian experience, Specialist 5 Randy Pitchford was named to an ADP task group charged with the evaluation of hardware for the then embryonic Control and Distribution System.

Through SP5 Pitchford's total involvement in his assignment, the system has progressed from the drawing board stage through equipment selec-

tion, software design and programming.

Phase I of the project, now known as Cafe Bayerne, will culminate in its installation at the Augsburg Field Station this summer.

Since it is the first realtime, multi-processor system to be deployed by ASA, very limited knowledge concerning its architecture existed within ASA resources. SP5 Pitchford, through self training, developed the necessary skills required to produce

and program a large portion of the operating software. He served as a constant source of expertise and advice to the project's programming staff, most of whom had no previous military experience with data processing equipment.

It was estimated that his work with the program as a designer and evaluator saved hundreds of staff hours. He also served as an advisor to management and jack of all trades in virtually every aspect of the project. ■

ASA Benefit Association



CSM Robert W. Roth, CSM USASA accepts a \$200 check for the USASA Benefit Association from CSM John C. Cannon on behalf of the personnel at the USASATEC, Ft. Huachuca, Ariz.

The men and women of the Army Security Agency are continuing their excellent support of the USASA Benefit Association (SABA).

During a recent visit to Ft. Huachuca, Ariz., USASA's Command Sergeant Major Robert W. Roth accepted a \$200 check for SABA. The check was presented by Command Sergeant Major John C. Cannon, in behalf of the Military and Civilian men and women of the USASA Test and Evaluation Center.

In Bien Hoa, Republic of Vietnam, the men of the 175th RRFS, raised \$622 for SABA on March 31, (pay-day). The total intake of funds was \$1079 but \$475 was given back to the men in the form of prizes.

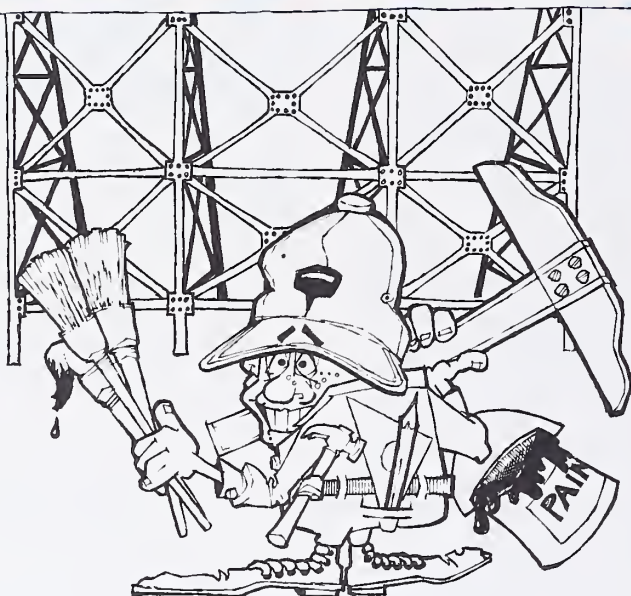
It was the third consecutive month that the unit promoted a SABA drawing. First prize was a round-trip ticket to the US or \$400 in cash.

The 374th USASA Company, Ft. Carson, Colo., has also used a bit of initiative and drive to accomplish its goal of providing funds for SABA.

An in-company snackbar from Operation Moonbeam, a Fall 1971 project which provided gifts for handicapped children at Wheatridge Hospital in Denver, Colo., was continued with the subsequent profits being donated to SABA.

SP5
D.D. MIDGET is

GETTING SHORT!



By 1LT Richard K. Willard
509th Radio Research Group

The policy of sending soldiers to Vietnam for tours of precisely one year is a relatively equitable means of dispersing the inconvenience of the war as widely as possible. Undoubtedly, morale is increased by the soldier's knowledge that his term of service is finite. Even if success in the war seems to come slowly, each man can make perceptible progress toward his DEROS.*

Although the Army offers assignments in many short tour areas, the unique measurability of this term of service is exploited to its greatest extent in Vietnam. One practice is to send a girl friend a different card each week from a deck, reserving the Ace of Hearts as the 52d card to bring home personally. A popular calendar consists of the word "Home" with each letter subdivided into small squares numbered 365 to one in descending order. A square is colored in each day until the project is completed, and the day of return has arrived. Even chaplains get into the act by suggesting that the troops count the 52 Sundays in a tour by coming to church each week.

As a soldier's tour draws to a close, the whole process of counting time takes on a singular urgency:

*Date Eligible for Return from Overseas.

Old Enough to Fight?



The 26th Amendment to the Constitution did away with the saying, "Old enough to fight, but not old enough to vote!"

As responsible citizens, servicemen and service women aged 18 to 21, as well as their civilian counterparts, can now vote for the candidate of their choice in state and national elections.

The effect of younger voters was felt in last November's elections when two 19-year-olds were elected mayor, an 18-year-old was selected to a school board, and others under 21 were elected to city council seats. Also, new voters played a significant role in a number of other elections involving older candidates.

If you are one of the many who plan to vote for the first time this year,

You say you have a two minute free-fall when you get out of bed in the morning?

And then you have to stand on your toes to tie your shoes?

Getting Short. There is some debate about the precise date at which a man begins to get "short." Technically it would be the day after half the tour is completed, and less time remains than has already been served. Or the point of demarcation could be the time when fewer than one hundred days remain, and the individual is termed a "Double-Digit Midget." Since the primary symptom of Shortness is a characteristic attitude, some people could be considered Short from the outset of their tours. But a practical consensus is that one really starts getting "short" when he has between 68 and 70 days left to serve in Vietnam.

It is traditional for the soldier to have a party to celebrate this auspicious occasion. A bottle of Seagrams VO is the preferred refreshment, largely because it yields a distinctive yellow and black ribbon which is thereafter worn in the buttonhole of the celebrant's fatigues. The authorities generally tolerate this unauthorized embellishment of the uniform with good humor.

Once a soldier becomes certifiably short, the filling in of Short-Timers Calendars takes on new significance. A popular version of the last hundred days depicts a pair of combat

boots protruding from under a helmet. There are other versions which are kept out of sight but just as faithfully filled in. A soldier who is particularly enamored of the process of counting his final days may have half a dozen calendars and spend a great deal of time filling them in each morning.

All of the characteristics thus far noted are relatively insignificant compared to the most distinctive attribute of one whose tour is nearly over: the Short-Timer's Attitude. The "attitude" is normally manifested in a lack of diligence in pursuing activities relating to work, and increased interest in planning for and daydreaming about the return home. The Short Timer is inordinately fond of harrassing new arrivals with exotic similes comparing their respective times left in Vietnam. The hair grows longer and the suntan deeper. The Short Timer's Attitude is generally tolerated by supervisors the last few weeks, and there is an unwillingness to assign difficult or hazardous duties.

As the day of return draws near, the whole process intensifies. Offices may maintain charts of personnel, listing each man by date of DEROS with the shortest first. Upon reaching the top of the list, a soldier may re-

ceive a traveling calendar with movable digits, and may shun the appellative "short" for the more discriminating cognomen, "next."

When travel orders are received, a copy is likely to be posted prominently with the acronym for a colorful phrase written across it in large letters. The soldier becomes a "Single-Digit Midget" when fewer than ten days remain and is normally given off the last week or so to accomplish one or two day's worth of out-processing. After all this, the actual departure is anticlimactic. ("What? No choir of angels?!")

Some hard-nosed individuals resist the impulse to get "short." One claims he will consider himself "short" when the landing gear is retracted after his return flight takes off. Another asserts he will be "short" when that Freedom Bird reaches the point of no return, so that even an engine malfunction could not force a return to Vietnam. But such points of view are only for the strong-willed. Today this writer has between 68 and 70 days left in-county and considers himself officially "short." (Eat your hearts out, Newbies.)

Note: On the day this was written, LT Willard had 69 days remaining on his Vietnam tour.

Old Enough to Vote!

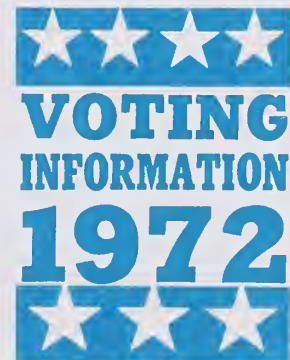
and are not fully aware of what important issues your vote will effect, read on:

Law and Order—Uprise in crime, threat to civil liberties (freedom of the press, wire-tapping, riot control), organization of the Supreme Court.

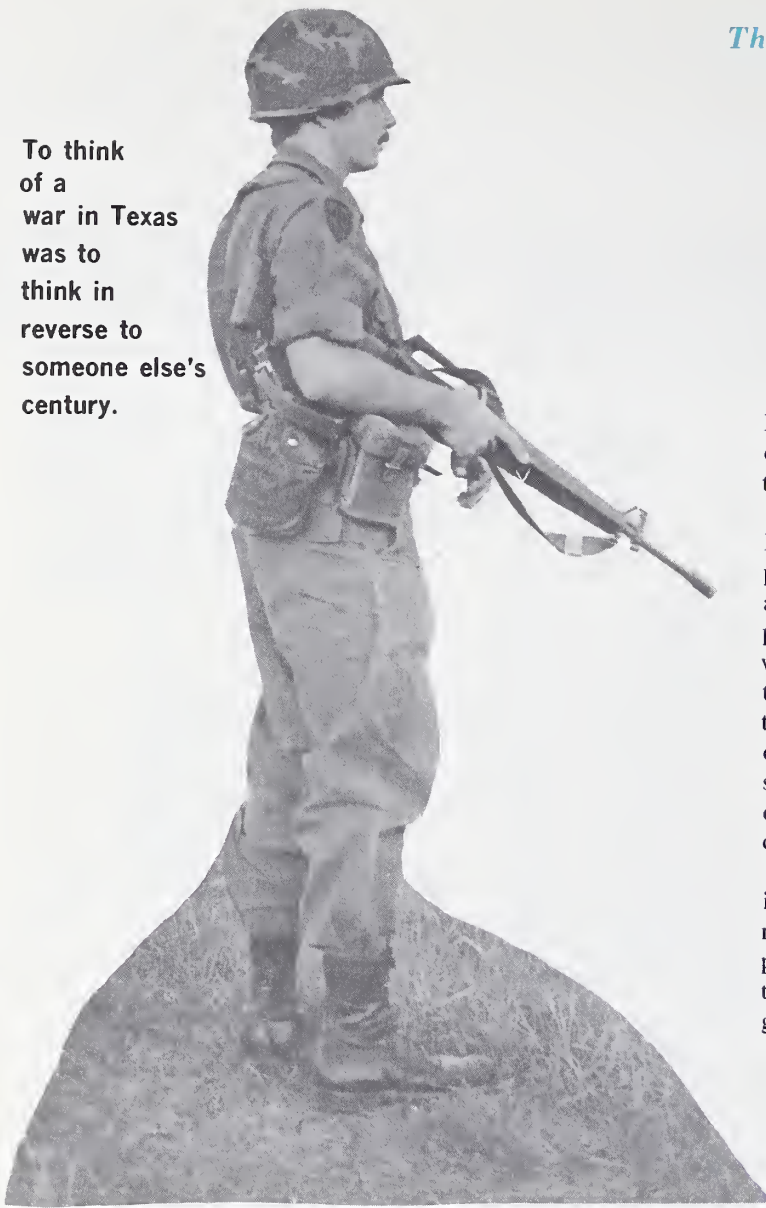
Pollution—Environmental control and population problems.

Foreign Policy—Armament race, test-ban treaties, war in Southeast Asia, US troops in Europe, US commitments to NATO and SEATO, reversion to an all-volunteer military.

These are just a few of the major issues in the up-coming election. You owe it to yourself and to your country to register to vote, and to cast your ballot. See your unit voting officer for more detailed information.



To think
of a
war in Texas
was to
think in
reverse to
someone else's
century.



by SP4 Gary Witby
Editor—303d Bn Window

The news media had billed it as “the largest military joint training exercise since 1965 . . .”, and everywhere you looked people were jumping: cleaning gear, checking vehicles, testing machinery, trying to find someone for the wife and kids to stay with, and revising vacation plans. In the orderly rooms there was a constant buzz, and if you wanted to see the First Sergeant you’d better have made arrangements three days in advance because everyone, from CO down to PFC, was busy getting things together.

The exercise, dashinglly dubbed “Gallant Hand,” would be under the control of the recently established US Readiness Command and was scheduled to begin March 21 when some 23,000 men would be deployed from all across the nation to Ft. Hood, Texas. Air

The Good

Force Lieutenant General James V. Edmunson, deputy commander-in-chief, US Readiness Command, was to be the exercise director.

The operation would concern two fictional countries: Marcos (friendly) and Lobo (hostile). Marcos theoretically possessed the same political-economic system and freedoms as the United States, but it was not free from serious problems. Military insurgency was the primary problem, with various militant factions spreading terror throughout the country. Several “Blue Beanies,” a pro-Lobobian militant group, had lately been killed while raiding an ammo dump, and riots had been common. In addition, Lobobian-supported student groups were making irrational demands on the universities, and there had been frequent violent demonstrations.

The problems of Lobo stemmed from apparent defects in its political and economic systems which had resulted in repression of, among other things, the press; the author-poet Gred Korski—jailed without a trial—had become the touchstone for a call by Lobobian intellectuals to resist the government.

Home Sweet Home:



Guys and the Bad Guys

Moreover, the "Free Farmer Movement" was actively opposing the Lobobian government's policy of farm collectivization by burning their wheat and slaughtering their sheep. Compounding ill feeling on both sides, Western Separationist Movement leader Joseff Van Stross, along with twenty other Lobobians, had been killed by the police while attending an illegal rally at Amarillo. Utilizing a strong propaganda program, the Lobobian government had brainwashed its people into fearing an attack by Marcos, thus justifying its own aggression. The primary aim of Lobo in provoking war would be to seize Marcosian uranium mines and strategic land around the Belton Sea.

American forces scheduled to come to the aid of Marcos were elements of the Air Force, the 2d Armd. Div., III Corps, and the 13th Spt. Bde. The US forces were to be commanded by Army General John L. Throckmorton, Lieutenant General George P. Seneff (US Army), and Major General Gordon F. Blood (USAF). Army Colonel John C. Faith would command the Lobobian forces, to be identified by colored berets, striped helmet liners, and the Circle Trigon patch.

Departure time drawing nigh, the 303d ASA Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Harry E. Leshner, Jr., began to prepare itself. We had been dealt the wild card of supplying ASA support to both the friendlies and the bad guys, a tenuous situation at best and one which was to earn us many long and searching stares. Three of the 303d's companies would aid the friendlies, and one company would support the unspeakables (everyone in unison shied away from pronouncing "Lobobian").

But as if that were not problem enough—having your own battalion divided up into good guys and bad guys, a situation tailor-made for accidental compromise and infiltration—there were the two other very real personal problems of Texas weather and Texas terrain. It was hot and dry; it had not rained for two months.

It was all too easy to envision the long columns of tanks snaking across the plains, raising and swirling the thick dust into your eyes and mouth; and, if you managed to escape the diet of dust, it was equally easy to envision long lines of snakes tanking into your tent! And there were the scorpions, which reportedly had a great liking for leather;

"At the friendlies bivouac area we began setting up cantonment. As soon as we arrived, equipment was camouflaged and a perimeter established."



"snake and scorpion, scorpion and snake, pick up your boot and give it a shake" became the safety slogan.

But, amazingly, the 20th dawned with light showers and even a slackening of the omnipresent Texas wind. The weather drizzled until mid-afternoon and the dust settled. Deuce-and-a-halves rolled along spliced with van and jeep, and things seemed worlds better. The exercise was at last getting under way. We would be out, at most, two weeks; and even the weather was smiling.

At the friendlies' bivouac area we began setting up cantonment. As soon as we arrived equipment was camouflaged and a perimeter established. Intelligence-yielding operations were initiated: we would be bivouacked here for three more days, collecting and sorting intelligence to aid the friendly forces in resisting the expected Lobobian invasion of Marcos. During these first four days in the field, many members of the battalion got their first taste of field intelligence operations; and for some it was old hat. But for everyone it was an experience. If you could forget about the cactus and the scarcity of any tree except the mesquite, it was not hard to look at the rolling Texas plains and imagine yourself in an earlier conflict on the European continent fighting a war that was supposed to end all wars. But here we were, and, obviously, it hadn't.

The fifth day out, the 24th, was the scheduled day of invasion. It would come in the form of a triple-capability air cav attack against Marcos in the early morning hours. G2 coordination would continue through the 25th, and on the 26th we would move to another site approximately ten miles away from the original. The intent of this maneuver

was to demonstrate the mobility of major elements in a tactical situation. To further authenticate the situation, orderly rooms attempted, during the entirety of Gallant Hand, to operate from the field.

During the 24th and 25th, infiltration by both sides was partially successful, and there was also an unfortunate real-world problem of civilians attempting to steal weapons. But, despite the problems, which were ultimately minor, the 303rd managed to operate with full effectiveness, guiding the way for the friendly forces to overcome the invaders.

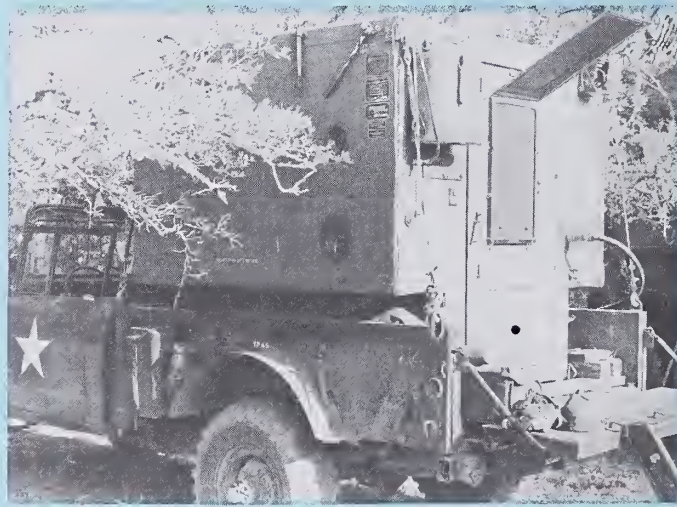
In the action itself, support for the friendlies came from C-5 Galaxies and C-141 Starlifters of the Military Airlift Command which airlifted 2,000 troops and 2,100 tons of cargo during the exercise. To squelch the enemy attack, there was a long-range airmobile counterassault at night, a C-130 air-land assault by a mechanized infantry company, electronic warfare, and the first use of the F-111 aircraft in joint exercises. By the afternoon of Monday the 27th (the day of a free-fire demonstration during which the ASA was relatively inactive), the enemy had been beaten. It was time to start thinking about getting men and equipment out of the field and back to post.

The 303d's overall role in the problem had been executed with a high degree of efficiency and received commendation from higher authorities, especially from Controller elements. A total of 322 personnel from the 303d Battalion (32 officers and 290 enlisted men) had worked hard to make the intelligence end of Gallant Hand the success that it was.

They look like the good guys, but they could be the bad guys. Do Lobobians eat potato chips?



"Which side are we on today? I'm getting stuff from them both!"





"Uh, May Day! My moustache is caught in the, uh, mike!"

Chow time at Lobobian HQ. "Snake soup and scorpion pie . . . again?"



The unbelievable part of the operation was that no snakes were sighted in the 303d; scorpions were in the minority; and the weather was, by normal standards, moderate.

The 28th, 29th, and 30th were days filled with the activities of moving back to post; and move we did! Incentive no problem, the long files of trucks spooled out men and equipment toward home. Although there would be frequent trips to the field for some elements of the 303d in the days ahead, there would not be another operation of such magnitude until 1973.

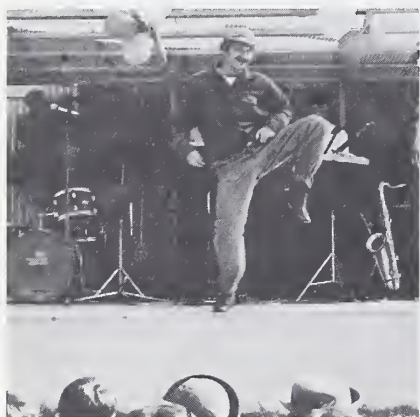
From the back of a deuce-and-a-half or looking over your shoulder from tank or jeep as the dust again swirled away behind you and settled, the country fell back together into a puzzle picture of anonymous hills and plains. To think of a war in Texas was to think in reverse to someone else's century. Marcos and Lobo were, after all, from the pages of military fiction. Yet, it was good to be ready. You watched the tank treads whip and thought momentarily of the disaster of Pearl Harbor and the late, unexpected enemy offensive recently in Viet Nam and, yes, it was always good to be ready.



Talent Drain

FS Korea—Specialist 4 Robert S. Tanenbaum, will be a June bride groom. The lucky bride-to-be is Miss Elaine Gonsalves, a teacher for retarded children, in Northern Calif.

Specialist Tanenbaum, an information specialist with ASA, is also the first place winner of both the



SP4 Robert S. Tanenbaum clowns for Orphans at Camp Humphries, Korea.

Sixth Army Entertainment Contest in February and the USARPAC Entertainment Contest in October of last year. He has performed close to 100 shows for Army audiences.

Although getting married will be his primary concern upon ETS, Tanenbaum also plans to continue entertaining this summer as an Acrobatic, Satirical, Jazz, Discotheque, Comic Dancer . . . after his honeymoon.

Football

FS Sobe, Okinawa—Specialist Five Bobby D. Brooks of the 400th ASA Special Operations Detachment, was selected to the all-island football team on Okinawa, an honor given outstanding players in the US Army Ryukyu Islands Intramural Football Tournament. During the regular season SP5 Brooks played offensive center with the Gunners, an all-Army team on the island.

An outstanding athlete, SP5 Brooks is active in company athletics and

plans to participate in Gunners Football again next season.

Basketball

Ft. Devens, Mass.—Lady Luck seemed determined to make the men of the 402d ASA Special Operations Detachment wait yet another year for a championship. For the second year in a row the 402d finished in the finals of the Ft. Devens Company Level championship. After placing fourth last year, the SOD men returned to take second place this year.

Paced by player/coach Charles McMillan, the 402d lost only two games in league competition earning second place and a berth in the Post double-elimination tourney. After an opening loss the ASA team bounced back to win the next three games and a shot at the title. In the final contest, the back-board men and ball handlers of the 402d just couldn't get it all together. Nobody laughed, however, when they said they'd be back next year.

War Games at Sobe

by SP5 Ludy M. Wilkie
Information Specialist
FS Sobe, Okinawa

The invasion force storms onto the beach amid a barrage of hostile artillery fire. The objective: enemy supply units in the hills beyond. The situation looks grim. A formidable tank force stands between them. To one side are several miles of impassable terrain; on the other, level ground but hazardous weather conditions. The commander ponders his strategy, then announces his decision. "I call for an air strike. Move me two squares to the left."

"Brilliant", grumbles the enemy chief of staff. "Let's break for a coke."

Such tactical maneuvers are common around the day-room of Headquarters & Service Company, US Army Security Agency Field Station, Sobe. After their duty day is over, several men of H&S Co. return to their barracks, don civies, and go to war—war games, that is.



"Take that, you nasty rat enemy! SP4 Ed Kohl (left) thwarts the sinister moves of arch enemy SP5 Milton Smith during recent battle on Sobe.
—Photo by SP5 David Glaser

ZOT

The Inspector General from HQ ASAPAC, Lieutenant Colonel Ray D. MacKinnon, Jr. sends us this little tidbit from a recent IG trip to Sunny Saigon.

It seems that when LTC MacKinnon arrived at Tan Son Nhut Airport, one of the seven inspectors on his team absent-mindedly left an old, battered, black briefcase in the airport parking lot. It wasn't until the group arrived at their quarters thirty minutes later, that the loss was noted.

But during that relaxing, half hour jeep jaunt to the BOQ, things were *really* jumping back at Tan Son Nhut. An airport guard spotted the black "satchel" and within minutes a bomb disposal squad was called in. After that, the civilian terminal was evacuated and the R & R personnel hustled off a big, civilian freedom bird which was sitting in front of the terminal building.

So, who gets the ZOT? LTC MacKinnon, of course. He's the one who went back to the airport to retrieve the attache case. Oh, were they happy to see him . . .



SSgt. Clarence Potter, left, his wife, Loraine, and SP4 Marc Mastuscheck, take time out from practice for a musical discussion. (US Air Force Photo)

Goodfellow AFB, Tex.—Base musicians helped form a seven-member instrumental chamber ensemble which performed April 9 during the second annual San Angelo Arts Festival. The festival was held at Ft. Concho and drew more than 6,000 spectators.

The musicians were Specialist 5 Marc Mastuscheck, USASATC&S

Detachment, viola; Air Force Staff Sergeant Clarence Potter, 6940th Technical Training Group, cello; and his wife, Loraine, on violin. All three are members of the San Angelo Symphony.

Specialist Mastuscheck is a native of State College, Pa. He began playing the viola in the fourth grade.

The battles are part of a continuing tournament organized by First Lieutenant Edward G. Mills, former commanding officer of H&S Company. Manufactured by a toy company in the United States, the war games depict actual and fictitious battles to be fought on a game-board printed in the form of a map. The games are much like chess—players match wits to capture their opponent's pieces and positions. Unlike chess, however, there is no restricted movement pattern. Movement is subject only to terrain and logistics. The historical games are based on real battles but re-create only the physical features. Since the players organize their own battle plans, the outcome doesn't always follow history.

A frequent winner in the tournament is Specialist Four Edward T. Kohl. A war game enthusiast before he entered the service, SP4 Kohl describes the competition as ". . . tactical maneuvers—trying to outsmart your opponent. It's a challenge to match your wits against someone else's."

SP4 Kohl enjoys a game with all three elements—air, land, and water maneuvers. He prefers to play fictitious games with even-sided forces. "Usually historical games are one-sided", he explains.

An opposite point of view is held by Specialist Four Ron Radil who holds a Bachelor's Degree in History. "A war game," explains SP4 Radil, "is a cardboard time machine. I'd rather play a historical game and tamper with history. The strange thing about an historical game is that, with few deviations, they usually follow history."

According to SP4 Radil, playing a historical game presents an opportunity to study military strategy and perhaps discover possible errors committed. For example, in the battle of Anzio, Radil is critical of the landing at Salerno. "I've found that if you land anywhere else, preferably Rome, you avoid heavy combat with German forces. You can consolidate positions and force the German units to surrender. They never get to form their defense lines south of Rome. It works pretty well—at least, on cardboard."

Fortunately for the tournament players, a variety of both fictitious and historical games are available through Special Services. Also, several members have their own to add to the competition. The only requirements to enter the tournament are interest and imagination. As most players will testify, both of these increase as the battles get tougher.

Legion of Merit

COLONEL: Russell B. Jones Jr. (1).
LIEUTENANT COLONEL: Howard F. Goldberg, William R. Zoeckler (1).
SPECIALIST 5: Randy Pitchford.

Meritorious Service Medal

LIEUTENANT COLONEL: Alan A. Collins (1).
MAJOR: Ronald E. Girard.
CAPTAIN: James A. Dukowitz, Maxine L. Roberts, Gary D. Shaw, George L. Wray.
FIRST LIEUTENANT: Stephen H. Squibb.
CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER 2: Richard D. Dupuy (1), James R. Epps, James D. Monroe.
FIRST SERGEANT: Howard W. Frazier.
MASTER SERGEANT: Donald L. Allen, David Bontly, Carl R. Olson Jr., William B. Wisniewski.
SERGEANT FIRST CLASS: Arnold E. Bopp, Eddie L. Harris, Terry M. Leonard, Charles A. McGregor, Donald M.

Peterson, Stephen R. Polesnak (1), Arthur A. Quimby.
STAFF SERGEANT: Richard Peze, Ronald A. Wright.
SPECIALIST 5: James E. Becker, Burton B. Lytle, Floyd W. Fry.



CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES

Outstanding Performance Rating

Harold E. Allen, George P. Buckley,

Nancy S. Faour, David M. Garvey, Estelle Gates, Theodore R. Green, Joan D. Harvey, Iola V. Innamorati, Walter J. Laws, Lester C. LeTourneau, Mary Ann McCormick, James A. McFadden, Max D. McLaughlin, John N. Murphy, Helen M. Nine, Bernard E. Reynolds, Myrna A. Sanders, Louise L. Saulino.

Sustained Superior Performance

Albert H. Bottomley, Hilda S. Herrell, Lester C. LeTourneau, Mary Ann McCormick, Charles G. Paschal, Mary G. Sink, Dorothy Stancil.

Certificate of Achievement

Ramon D. Fobes.

Meritorious Civilian Service Award

William Gentry.

Quality Pay Increase

Jesselyn Belk, Arlene M. Cormier, Theresa J. Godin, Myra E. Hansberry, Rodney L. Lejeune, Donna J. McCarthy, Alice Silva.

Why Is It That . . .

by Maj R. L. Sowers

... as soon as you have that once-in-a-lifetime weekend all setup at the ski lodge (knowing she'll be there), your name comes up on the CQ roster for that weekend?

... since you've put off buying the tape deck you've always wanted, the PX is sold out the very day you finally decide to get it?

... when you decide to give the mess hall one more chance, you hit it on the day they're serving C-rations?

... your O2 Priority finally comes in, and it's the wrong FSN?

... during the only time you didn't come to a complete stop at that sign on Post, there were two MP's, your First Sergeant, a police helicopter, and three civic-minded civilians at the same corner?

... meetings are called only on the mornings when you just happen to be a little late for work?

... the guy in the next bunk to yours who works swings only plays Woodstock at three in the morning and you have to get up to work days?

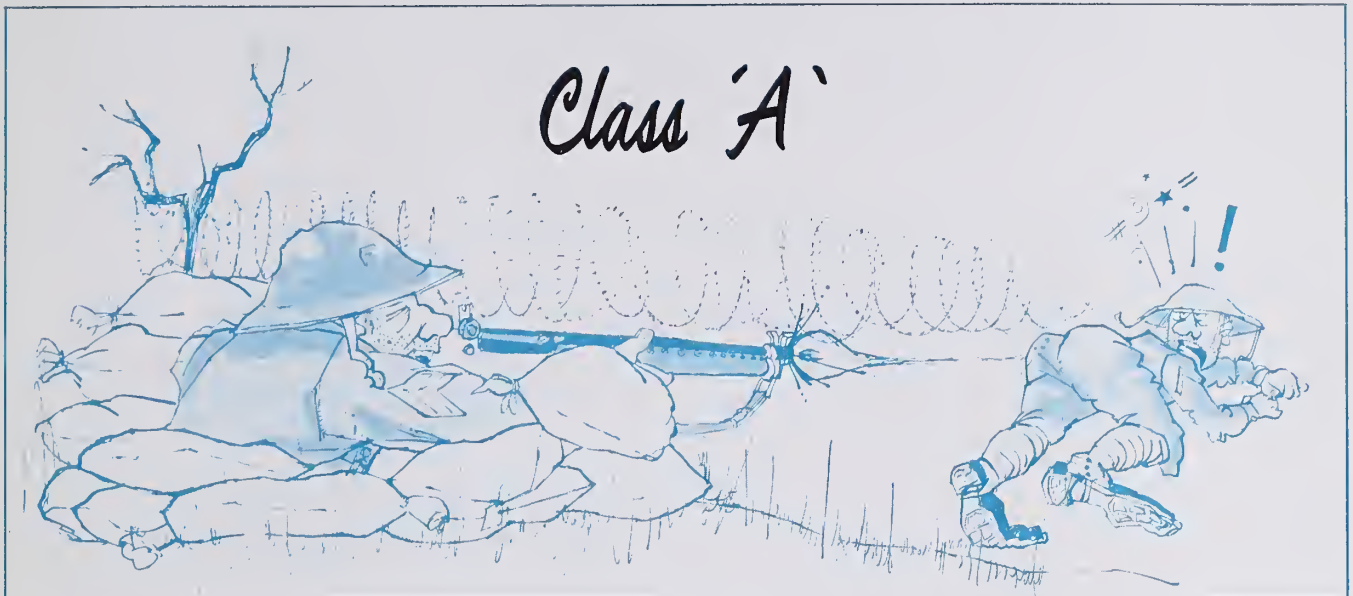
... the guy in civies you REALLY chewed out for being in your parking space turns out to be the new Post Chaplain?

... by the time you get off work to grab some new records that just came in, the PX has nothing left but Lawrence Welk?

... the commissary is closed on the day you finally get off?

... people wonder why you had the ASA recruiter's name tattooed on your arm so you wouldn't forget it?

Some memories should be treasured and kept for posterity. This piece was given to Chaplain (Captain) Turpin C. Ashurst (TUSLOG, Det 4) when he was ten years old, and he has kept it until this day. The author is unknown. The period was World War I, but the sentiments and humor are timeless. (Sad Sacks unite!) Reprinted here from Jan. 7, 1972 issue of Diogenes.



I was called class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B"—*be* here when they go and *be* here when they come back. I remember when I registered, I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What is your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What is your name?", he barked. So I told him August Childs. He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine."

He asked me where I was born and I said Pittsburgh. Then he asked me when I first saw the light of day and I told him when I moved to Philadelphia. He asked me how old I was and I told him I would be 20 the first of September. He said, "The first of September you will be in France and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to Camp Igguess they thought I wouldn't live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card, "Flying Corps". I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind blew in." I said "Wind nothing, the draft did it."

On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit. As soon as you are in it you think you can fight anything. They have two sizes—too large and too small.

The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big that I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up in a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said, "What the heck are you kicking about . . . Look what they gave me!"

The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am sir, the uniform makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me to digging a ditch. A little later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt over there." I asked him where I was to put it and he said, "Dig another hole and throw it in there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more bad luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say, "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier. The Captain came by and said, "Fall in." I said, "I've been in sir."

I was on the boat 12 days seasick! . . . 12 days! Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of

one of my best leans, the Captain rushed up and said, "What Company are you with?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Admiral was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it—it's up." Talk about dumb people, I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He said he thought we would lose it . . . it was hanging overboard ever since we left New York.

Well, we landed in France, we were immediately sent to the trenches. The cannon started to roar and the shells started to fly. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree but there wasn't enough trees for the officers.

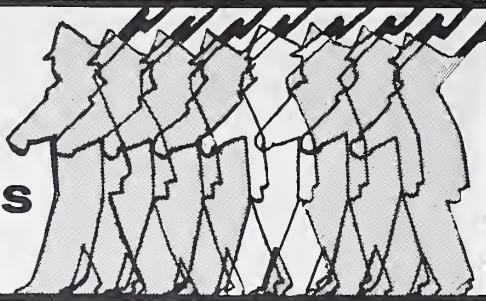
The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." I asked for a furlough. He said, "Haven't you got any red blood?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see any of it." Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Germans came at me. The way they looked at me you would have thought I started the war.

The Captain yelled, "Fire at will!" But I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will, because he fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. ■

THE

Missed

PERSONS
BUREAU



COL **Melvin Lawson** surely has the right approach to retirement. A postcard from Tasmania (Tasmania?) filled us in on his eventful life since retirement in February. A trip to the West Coast was followed by a vacation in Australia. The former Chief of ASA's Combat Development Activity was able to visit Hawaii and Samoa before stopping off in Melbourne. While the Colonel is touring Papua and New Guinea, Mrs. Lawson will be taking a look at the Queensland Gold Coast. They'll wind up with a tour of the Aussie Outback including Birdsville (population 45). What a trip!

One of our Arlington, Va. retirees feels that the military service has prepared him for "a long rest". Because he likes to play golf, we don't really

know how much rest COL **Dale Hogoboom** will really get.

CW3 **Warren J. Hill** recommends that future retirees find a civilian job as quickly as possible following retirement to make the transition a lot easier. Mr. Hill doesn't seem to have any problems along this line. His home in Nokesville, Va. isn't too far from his civilian job (this 'time) at Vint Hill Farms Station.

Littleton, Mass. is the home of MSG **Robert J. Ware**. His green thumb gets quite a workout in his large and plentiful garden.

MAJ **William Borman**, who has settled in Bowie, Md., will be devoting more of his time to tennis.

COL **Robert Schukraft** writes that he especially enjoyed his early days in the Signal Intelligence Service in

the Munitions Building in 1939 along with his assignment to North Africa and Italy in 1943—1945. Now in Arlington, Va., he has been retired for 10 years.

The Business Manager (Facilities) of Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Tex., is the job held by COL **Edgar F. Hoffman** former Chief, ASAPAC. His plans include a little traveling, and of course, a game or two of golf.

SGT **George Geiger** has attained his life long ambition. This former MP from Chitose, Japan is now a patrolman with the Santa Ana City Police Department in California.

Two more of our retirees are living in Virginia. CW4 **Robert Grayson** resides in Fairfax and LTC **Charles R. Woods** calls Warrenton, Va., home.

On April 22, 1972, LTC **William R. Zoeckler**, former CO, USASAFS Korea passed away. Friends may write to Mrs. Zoeckler at 109 Wesley Drive, Martinez, Ga. 30907.

Earlier in the month, on April 17, LTC **Verne M. Leffel** (RET) passed away at Brooke Army Hospital. Expressions of sympathy can be addressed to Mrs. Marie Leffel, Box 133, Bynum, Ala., 36253.

Science & Medicine

A Hairy Tale

The advertisers for Manly Shave, Inc. may not like it, but the best cure for pseudofolliculitis is to stop shaving.

This disease, also called ingrown beard, commonly occurs in young men, and particularly black men. It is not caused by shaving, but by the manner in which a black man's beard grows.

Because the follicle is curly, it is possible that the end of the hair may penetrate three layers of the skin—the stratum corneum, the epidermis and the dermis, causing infection and irritation.

Once pseudofolliculitis has been diagnosed, care is simple: don't shave,

and scrub the beard daily. In about two weeks the hair will begin to pull out of its abcess. It will take two to three months for all traces of the disease to disappear.

Contrary to popular belief, it will not be harmful to resume daily shaving. To combat its recurrence, keep to a strict shaving schedule. It is recommended that men susceptible to this disease should use a low setting on an adjustable razor, and it's often suggested that a light stubble be left.

Is Pain Virtuous?

A recent NBC-TV special documentary explored various ideas on the subject of pain.

It may be useful to know that pain, being a learned experience, can also be unlearned. Pain is often used as an escape mechanism. And, as with one theory on love and hate, pain and pleasure centers of the brain may be related.

Most everyone thinks they are an authority on pain, many suffer daily with chronic pain. Often pain is felt when no apparent reason for it exists.

Progress in medicine at the University of Washington's Pain Clinic, and medical advances elsewhere may aid in learning more about the elimination of pain. Present methods include the cutting of nerves (increasingly regarded with suspicion) and the ancient but successful Chinese skill of acupuncture.

More than a piece of cloth

Betsy Ross, in sewing 13 stars on the bold red, white and blue envisioned a proud future for Old Glory. An editorial in the KAGNEW GAZELLE, June 11, 1971, reports on varied uses of the American flag since its conception. Flag Day is June 14.

Going into its 194th year, with only slight changes to the basic model, the U.S. Flag must be ranked right up there with Coca Cola and the Model A Ford as one of the more enduring products of Yankee ingenuity. Nevertheless, over its past few birthdays, Old Glory has been taking it tough. It is alternately saluted, stomped on, displayed proudly in windshields and printed on toilet paper—all with equal conviction. Perhaps more than ever before it is the acknowledged symbol of our nation, but to put it mildly, there are more than a few divergent opinions as to whether that nation is going the right way; and the flag, a constantly visible reminder of this, is caught in the middle of the turbulence.

Woodrow Wilson said that “the Flag is the embodiment, not of sentiment, but of history.” But then Wilson would hardly have given sentiment equal billing with history in any case; and that was 55 years ago. Nowadays the Stars and Stripes evokes more sentiment—and resentment—than any mere piece of bunting has a right to. And the situations which arise from this can be bewildering.

Laws as to what constitutes defacement of the national banner vary widely, and enforcement of the same statute in west Texas may be a bit different than in Massachusetts. Raquel Welch got few complaints when she so fetchingly displayed the colors in “Myra Breckenridge,” and no one seems to mind the Red White and Blue adorning the warm-up jackets of the Utah Stars basketball team. Evidently where you get into problems (and even jails) is when the Flag is modified, say by a peace symbol where the stars oughta be. This humble publication (*Kagnew Gazelle*) even felt the pinch last year when its Veteran’s Day issue ran a masthead consisting of an American Flag modified by “The Kagnew Gazelle” printed in the corner. Quicker than you can say twitchy, higher Station headquarters put the eternal nix on any more such defamatory displays (and considering that 40 per cent of our reading public claim they use the *Gazelle* for kitty litter, maybe the move was judicious).

Nor is such touchiness limited to hard hats and Georgia constables. While stationed in the estimable cow town of San Angelo, Tex., a close friend of ours was overheard castigating one of the local banks for their offer of a free

flag for each new account. The reason for his criticism?—the “unscrupulous” scoundrels were catering to people with money.

So it goes, the condition feeds on itself. But really, as much as we like to christen Old Glory with adjectives such as enduring, inspiring, etc., our flag has no other character than what we give it from generation to generation. One image that it has always needed more of is tolerance.

Pride in the flag is not necessarily flaunting it in front of a generation which is sincerely questioning some of the things it stands for. Distaste for a government official is poor reason for desecrating what an older generation fought major wars for.

Things do change, although usually slowly. The flag will no doubt endure, though its image may never be quite the same again.

Meanwhile, disrespect for the flag may not be so bad as it seems. They could start burning bald eagles instead.

Decisions By The Dozen

As a rational being, man has the ability to make the choice between right and wrong. Results from daily decisions often reflect the lack of thought given to the solution. Use of a little brain power before making choices could have extended effects.

Decisions by the dozen are made by each of us daily. Many of them are inconsequential, requiring little thought such as: what to wear to work on a given day, where to eat lunch, etc. However each day is also filled with situations which require thoughtful decisions and which may have far reaching effects.

Jury duty, for example, emphasizes decision-making based on facts. This careful approach could well be more universally applied both in family situations and on the job.

How often do all of us jump to conclusions when we have only circumstantial evidence? Are decisions based on facts or rumors? How much time do we spend searching for facts? Do we carefully separate facts from opinions?

A great deal of attention and thought could be profitably spent in self-examination on this subject. Think about the decisions you made this past day. What were they based on? Fact? Intuition? Guess? Rumor? Custom?

Think of your judgments of other people too. In the court room, guilt must be established by facts beyond a reasonable doubt. When we judge others outside the courtroom, can we do less?

Ideas and Opinions

“The mind stretched by a new idea never returns to the same dimension.”

FLARE

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA



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Why are you staying in?

- ☐ I like my job.
- ☐ The bonus helps.
- ☐ I'd like to live in Europe for a while.
- ☐ I've made some great friends in the Army.
- ☐ I can go back to school. Even get a degree.
- ☐ The PX and Commissary discounts save me money.
- ☐ I'm allergic to doctor and dentist bills.
- ☐ I like the free housing. No real estate tax. No monthly bills.
- ☐ I'd like to take the Hawaiian tour.
- ☐ I want a chance to do something different.
- ☐ The service clubs are getting livelier these days.
- ☐ I like the recreation facilities.
- ☐ I like the tax break.
- ☐ I like the idea of retiring at 38.
- ☐ There are never any moving expenses.
- ☐ I like the low-cost travel, especially when it's free.
- ☐ I have a chance to do my bit for my Country.
- ☐ The 30 days vacation with pay.
- ☒ I get the best life insurance deal anywhere.
- ☐ It's easy to get a VA and FHA housing loan.
- ☐ I like staying close to home.
- ☐ I like Army life.